



A MUCH ADMIR'D LOVE SONG CALL'D THE FERNIAN LOVERS.

Come let us roam together o'er that soft and purple
heather,
Err the gold n sun has set behind the calm & troubled sea
For I know your breast is swelling, now to the air what I'll
be telling,
All about that true true lover you were asking now of me
So hush my sweet pisper I will name him in a whisper,
Oh his name is like the sunshine so full yflight and joy,
And when his face is smiling all the world it is beguiling.
He's the pride of sweet Tipperary, he is my Fernian boy.

Ah Kitty dear believe me no fancy doth deceive me,
You might see reh thro' dear old Ireland from Antrim to
Cape Clear,
From Ulsters dire gray mountains to Muskerys fair fountain
And I stake me on it you will never find his peer,
His eyes are purely beaming like stars in winter gleaming,
For to aid the oppressed is his cry tyrant to destroy.
A will like Shannon river, clear changeless still but never,
And as sweet as soft as music has my Fernian boy.

Three suitors to my hand dear and each I can command
dear,
I only have to say the word to wear the wedding ring.
But they're soulless mean and slavish money grubbers now
and curvish,
How dare they ask the hand and heart I've given to my king
They cosher with my father and I'm sure that you would
rather,
They had spent the live long day my poor feelings to annoy
With their falsehood & their cheating they make him swear
each morning,
He would rather see me dead than wed my Fernian boy.

My love is poor I know it and he's not ashamed to show it.
As the clink of gauges never was the music of his soul,
For the hard slow hard with labour will grasp the shining
savour,
When the sound of freedom's battle on the battle air will
roar.
All his fervent love for Erin I freely gladly share in,
To him who loves a country woman's heart is but a toy
The heart of truth and honor beats beneath the generous
banner,
The banner of my true love he is my Fernian boy.

We both dear Kate must tarry yet awhile before we marry
For spring might bring the bird of love to the exiles far away.
Our gallant men will rally from the moor to the valley
And we'll I know whose rifle will be foremost in the fray
Oh nearer then my dear & dearer then and nearer
Kind heart I fear the grief will outmaster all my joy,
But who comes up the meadow I ought to know the shadow
Tis his own dear self that's coming my darling Fernian boy